

# Good Morning 277

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## She started it first!

**WOMEN** have always been first in most revolutionary affairs.

Take the matter of stays, otherwise corsets. There is a fashion now for women **not** to wear corsets. Do you know who started that? It was a lady in high society, who, at the time of the women's suffrage movement, went to a dance in London.

It was a very swell dance, and Ministers of the Crown were there.

At this ball the lady without stays appeared, and the first man to dance with her was a politician.

The moment he felt her waist there was the evidence of his own fingertips that here was something unusual.

He broke into a cold sweat—and before the ball was properly started all the women there were gazing at the stay-less woman.

They dared their husbands to dance with the creature.

That was a method that caused the women's movement to be talked about. Now that "outrage" is a fashion.

Take the case of the policeman in a small town in Holland near the Hague. He could scarcely believe his eyes one morning in the spring of 1885 when a British bicycle ran slowly through the main street.

On the bicycle was an apparition, bearing down on the policeman. The upper part of this figure was that of a woman, but the legs clad in breeches—or "bloomers"—seemed to be those of a man.

The policeman may have seen something like it in comic papers from England, but he never thought any woman would do it. When he recovered from the moral shock it was too late to arrest the woman, so he did the next best thing. He went to the Mayor.

The Mayor heard his story, a council was called, and the fire brigade was sent for and told to chase and catch this phantom before it corrupted the morals of the town.

Again it was too late. The lady had passed beyond the town's jurisdiction.

So another meeting was called, and the result was that a big notice was hurriedly printed and set up at the town's limits bearing the words: "Women who wear breeches when cycling will not be allowed to ride through this borough to the annoyance of the public. Signed, the Mayor."

Then again, in 1909, a young actress in Vienna went to a tea party wearing on her feet a pair of sandals, through the toes of which her nails could be seen. She had painted the nails a bright red.

The butler of the house was scandalised, and sent for the hostess. The latter tried to smooth things over. "My dear



child," she said to her guest, "you forgot to change your shoes, and have your bedroom slippers on."

The actress replied, "These are the very latest. Haven't you heard?"

The hostess called some of her guests. They gazed in wonder. But next day they were all raking the shops in Vienna for sandals like those the actress had worn.

A new fashion had been born. And you remember—it is not so long ago—that there was a scandal in American tennis-playing because one woman had appeared in shorts.

The audience hissed the player. Even the umpires were so overcome they nearly fell off their high stools. But as the lady would not change into a skirt the game had to go on. And she won her set. Maybe her opponent was feeling queer!

Who was the girl who first wore slacks, which so many are now wearing? She was the sister of an Oxford graduate who lost her skirts in a fire and pulled on her brother's "bags."

Then she wouldn't take them off until she could get a dressmaker to make her a new skirt. But when the skirt was ready she wouldn't wear it. Another fashion had been set.

It was the beautiful Ninon L'Enclos who said, "I'd rather be a pioneer than an also ran." She went down to the beach at Ostend with a very, very short bathing suit.

She had to run, anyway. The other people on the beach chased her. But before long others were in similar short bathing costumes.

Women are not afraid of being reviled when it comes to doing what they want to do.

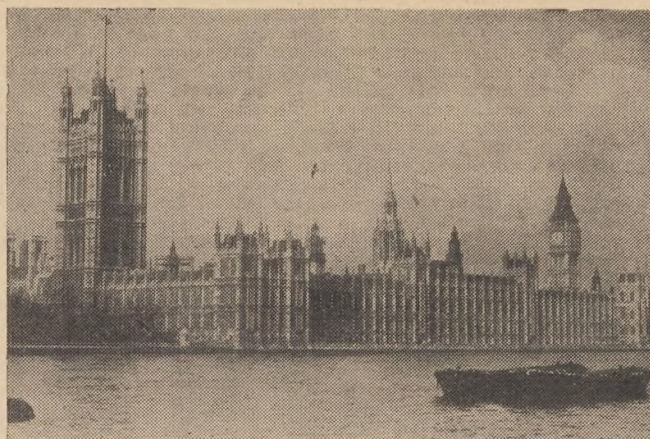
A. Thornwood



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

In this Debaters' Newspaper You can 22 FEB. 1944

## FIND IT ALL



### R. L. Stephens gives Hansard's Inside Story

Hansard was a printer who produced the "Journals of the House of Commons" from 1774 to 1828, and did much other printing for the Government, winning their favour by his promptness and accuracy.

His son, Thomas Hansard, established his own press, and after printing William Cobbett's "Parliamentary Debates" for some time, took them over and renamed them "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates."

#### PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

But Hansard remained a private undertaking, receiving no financial assistance from the Government, and the difficulty was always to cover expenses with a journal that necessarily had a limited appeal.

Thomas Hansard was succeeded by his brothers, and as the century proceeded there were continual crises about expense.

In 1878 the Government agreed to grant £3,000 a year towards the cost of reporting and publishing the debates, but they would not consider an "official report."

Ten years later Parliament again considered the matter, especially from the point of view of Members who felt there should be a verbatim report instead of a summary. But the decision was against it, although it was agreed to go on subsidising the production of Hansard.

Shortly afterwards Hansard sold out to a company, which tried a new line—no subsidy, but advertisements to help defray the costs.

It did not work, and it looked as if there would be no reports at all.

Then the system of contracting out with printers was tried. Tenders were invited and the work of reporting and printing given to the one who asked least. This did not pay the printers—one after another lost money, and there were many complaints about the qualities of the reports.

It was only in 1908 that the changes were recommended which resulted in the present form.

To-day, no word of complaint is ever heard against Hansard, which is published by H.M. Stationery Office, and is regarded as an absolutely official account.

Quick work results in it being available to Members with a full account of the previous day's proceedings, every morning when the House is sitting.

There are often minor mistakes and mis-prints, due to the speed at which it is produced, but these are corrected for the bound volumes, which are the "encyclopaedia" of anyone who wants to know what any M.P. has ever said about anything.

Members of the public who do read it are generally enthusiastic "fans." Recently, a letter was received from a bath attendant, who said he was collecting his copies to provide plenty of reading when he had more time.

Reading back numbers provides a fascinating peep into history and not a few smiles for those with a sardonic sense of humour!

A NEW editor was recently appointed to a unique publication—the Official Report of the Proceedings of Parliament, popularly known as "Hansard."

It is a paper which many people talk about and comparatively few see. It is the only one in which you can be sure of reading every single word spoken in the debates of the House of Commons and House of Lords.

In these days of very restricted space, it is the only one where you can find anything approaching a verbatim report of debates which are deciding the future for millions of people.

The daily newspaper would have to give up all other news and even advertisements to get sufficient space for such a report.

For this reason, efforts have been made during the last year to increase the popularity of Hansard, and the number of copies bought by the public have, in fact, risen from 2,450 an issue to about 3,000. The total circulation, including those distributed officially, is less than 6,000, but this does not represent the number of readers. Each copy is read, at any rate in part, by many people, and those at public libraries probably by some hundreds.

#### TRUTH WITHOUT CHEERS.

Hansard is published after every sitting of the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

It is an absolutely plain, unvarnished report of what was said and done, without comment, even omitting the "cheers" which you read in other verbatim reports, although very occasionally it may be reported that certain words were inaudible in the Press Gallery.

Before the war, the time at which each Member rose to speak was stated, so that you could see easily for how long he spoke. This is now omitted, as the public are not, officially, supposed to know the times at which the Commons meets, for security reasons.

Only the name of the speaker and his constituency is given, not his party, as is usual in the newspapers, and headlines are restricted to the barest note to make reference easy.

This journal looks what it is

### Tel. K. FORSEY — News and Photos for you to-day

A PAIR of bright blue eyes peeped round the door of 16, Mary Street, Burnley, Lancs. It was Cyril, and nobody realised quicker than three-years-old Monty, his brother, who was already half way across the room to greet him in his customary way—a leg tackle. But Cyril, well-used to his antics, was prepared, and so rough and tumble began.

We watched, greatly amused. First Cyril was on top and then Monty. Although he is

—a Government report, with a plain white cover (blue before the war), bearing the lion and the unicorn, the title "Parliamentary Debates (Hansard)," and a short list of the contents. It costs sixpence, however big or small it may be. After a "thin" day in the Commons or Lords, it may be a very slim pamphlet, but after a big debate and many questions it may have 150 pages, or even more.

It might be thought that a journal like this makes tough reading, and it is true that unless you are specially interested in the topic being debated, you may be inclined to skip page after page.

But there is a certain fascination in reading many of the answers to questions covering all sorts of fields, and producing on occasions unusual and interesting information.

If you are interested in big topics like pensions, demobilisation and post-war policies, it is here only that you can read every word that every M.P. has said about them in debate. The humblest backbencher, not less than the Prime Minister, is reported in full.

It was not always so. Hansard has had a long history, and until 1908 only Ministers and ex-Ministers got the present style of verbatim reporting.

Two-thirds of the speeches of "unofficial" Members were reported in the third person, and

there were many complaints by those who made them that they were misrepresented.

#### CUT-PRICE COPIES.

In 1909 Hansard was brought to its present form, reproducing speeches as they are made, except for the correction of obvious mistakes, repetitions and redundancies.

Every M.P. gets a copy of Hansard delivered to him. The interest of the public in what their M.P.s were saying is comparatively recent.

Thirty-five years ago the sale to the public was only about 260 copies. Now about one public library in three in Britain has a copy—it gets it at half-price as an encouragement!

The idea that the proceedings of Parliament should be reported at all is, comparatively speaking, novel. In the 18th century, not only was the Press not admitted, but any paper publishing an account of the proceedings was likely to get into serious trouble.

Men were made to apologise on bended knee for "presuming to take notice of the proceedings of the House," and the Lord Mayor of London on one occasion was sent to the Tower in connection with a dispute about the right of reporting the proceedings.

The name Hansard commemorates a father and son who put Parliamentary reporting on a firm footing. Luke



only half the size, Monty draws circles round Cyril, and pops up where he is least to be expected.

A number of toys come to his aid. If he is not whacking Cyril with one of his dolls, then you may be sure that he is shooting him with one of his guns.

Our photographer caught them in the act, just to show you Telegraphist K. F. Forsey.

Your mother was at home with Laura. They were both looking extremely well, and gave us messages for you.

Fourteen-years-old Cyril, whom we have already mentioned, is going to a training school for the R.N. soon. He is keen and simply itching to go.

Your cousin, Betty, and Ernie Baker are to be married in July.

Peggy, her sister, is celebrating her 21st birthday in February by throwing a party.

Monty sends his love to you, and gave us his whole list of things which he has received for Christmas to send to you, but there are so many that we would need a book, not the column of a newspaper.

Auntie Wyn sends her love, and Laura asks us to tell you that next time you give her a battery you might make it one that works.

She says that she is still sarcastic and only wishes that you were there to taste her sarcasm, which is thoroughly wasted on paper when she writes.

Mrs. Preece, your aunt, came in from her war work just as we were leaving. She was looking very well, too, and sends her love to you.

And that Telegraphist Keith Forsey, is just about all we have to tell you. So, cheerio, and Good Hunting!



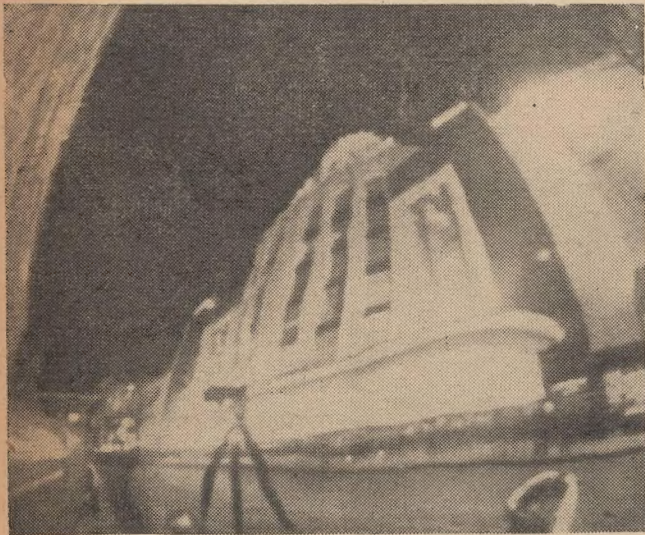
# QUIZ for today

1. A dentex is a wisdom tooth, small comb, fish, fruit, sculptor's chisel, snake, fossil?
2. Who wrote (a) Underwoods, (b) Under the Red Ensign?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Daily Express, Times, Daily Telegraph, Evening News, Daily Mail, Daily Herald.
4. Where did Mary go to call the cattle home?
5. Who is the Governor of Northern Ireland?
6. Which King of England was known as Farmer George?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Camisole, Camouflage, Camphor, Campenile, Cameo, Chamelion.
8. Who holds the world record for the men's high jump, and what is it?
9. For what do the initials K.G. stand?
10. What was the original name of Thailand?
11. On what instrument does Yehudi Menuhin play?
12. Complete the phrases (a) Pennywise and —, (b) Much cry, —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 276

1. Animal.
2. (a) Quiller Couch, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Budgerigar is foreign; others are English.
4. The red glare on Skiddaw.
5. Lord Derby, with Watling Street.
6. Chess.
7. Cavalier, Cavil.
8. A somnambulist.
9. Silver white.
10. Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.
11. La Paz.
12. (a) Buffs, (b) But it pours.

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



## JANE

### WHAT IS IT?



# The Sire de Maletroit's Door

DENIS DE BEAULIEU was not yet two and twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honourable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of the troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

By  
R. L. Stevenson

IT was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty, piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the town-ship; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms, making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the treetops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast, and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold.

The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud.

Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau

Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end or tail of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clue to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes.

It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities.

The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles the man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambush or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him further from his way.

For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand, when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoitre.

The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir.

The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills.

By the uncertain glimmer, the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the

round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block, and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles.

The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky.

It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighbourhood, and as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare and speedily regain the inn.

He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career.

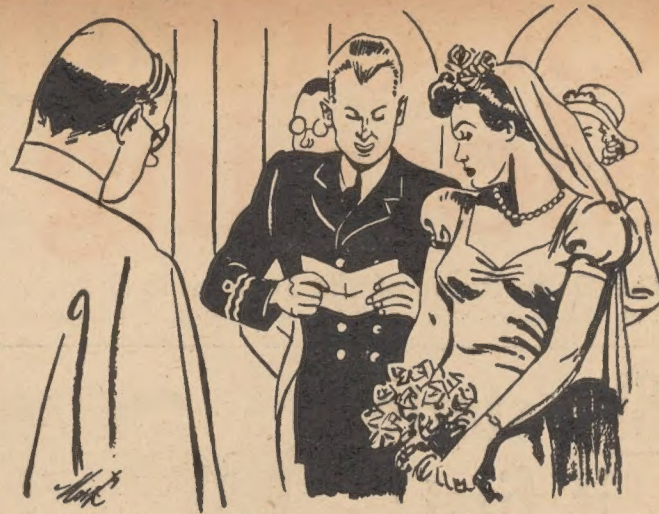
He had not gone back above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of

## WANGLING WORDS—232

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CALAD, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of HEAL ME THUS, to make an old man.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: AIR into ACE, MAPS into SPAM, DEER into PARK, TRAP into PART.
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from DISOBEDIENCE?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 231

- 1.—PANdemonIUM.
- 2.—MONGOLIA.
- 3.—LEAD, HEAD, HELD, HOLD, HOLE, HOME, SIRE, SORE, CORE, CORN, COON, COOT, COLT, GOOD, HOOD, HOOP, COOP, CROP, CROW, GROW, GLOW, SLOW, SHOW, BOOK, BOOT, LOOT, LOST, LEST, REST.
- 4.—Scan, Fiat, Fast, Fane, Fain, Font, Coat, Coin, Noon, Soon, Foot, Coot, Soot, Coif, Cant, Cats, Fist, Cost, Fact, Cast, Anon, etc. Saint, Satin, Stain, Coast, Conic, Canon, Faint, Coats, Foist, Coins, Scant, Scion, etc.



"It's a priority wire from your ex-husband—asking you to return his clothing coupons."

men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war.

It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiring but nervous.

Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones.

Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane.

Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armour, and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defiance.

So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise, it yielded behind his weight; and though he turned in a moment, continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges, until it stood wide open on a black interior. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped within and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge.

Nothing was further from his

thoughts than to close it altogether, but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses.

He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humour to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and slipping forth again.

The inner surface was quite smooth, not a handle, not a moulding, not a projection of any sort. He got his fingernails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it; it was as firm as a rock.

Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door? he wondered. Why was it open?

How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this that was little to the young man's fancy. It looked like a snare.

(To be continued)

I slept, and dreamt that life was Beauty;  
I woke, and found that life was Duty.  
Ellen Sturgis Hooper  
(1816-1841).

## CROSSWORD CORNER

### CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10					11		12	
13				14				
15			16			17		
18				19	20			
			21				22	
	23		24			25		26
27					28			
29			30			31		
32						33		
		34					35	

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Tinged with gold, 2 Vernacular, 3 Sal volatile, 4 Part of coat, 6 Pricking too, 7 Crustacean, 8 Entering, 9 Bee-hive, 12 Spaces of time, 16 Convinced, 19 Spill, 20 Engrave, 22 V-shaped places, 23 Glass section, 24 Boy's name, 25 Answering call, 26 Consciousness, 27 Perfume, 30 Girl's name.

- 1 Sweetheart, 5 Scandinavian, 10 Perfect, 11 Give play to, 13 Mispronunciation, 14 Projecting rim, 15 Is over-toned, 17 Cry, 18 Salary, 21 Turncoat, 23 Long run, 27 Fellow workman, 28 Disliked keenly, 29 One, 31 Heather, 32 Number, 33 Shut, 34 Ages, 35 Numbers.

Solution to Problem in No. 276.

RAP LOGIC D  
ELEVEN MOTE  
PLAICE PRAM  
A HAT FUNNY  
SHE UNIT G  
TENOR DECOY  
B BEND USE  
SAGES LOP A  
PLAY HELPER  
IDLE ORDEAL  
N ADZES DRY



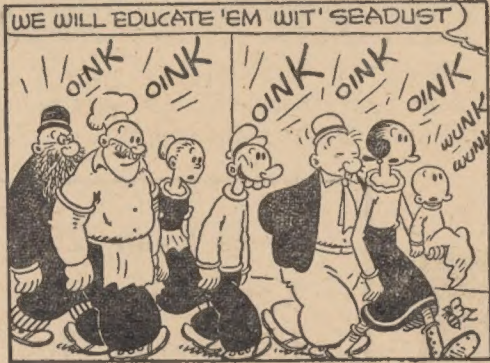
## BEELZEBUB JONES



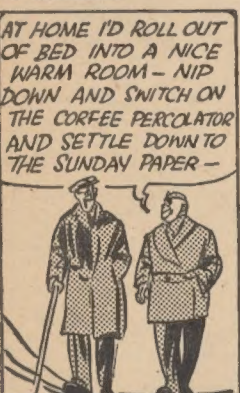
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



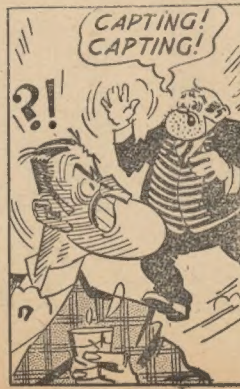
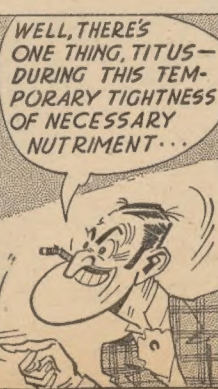
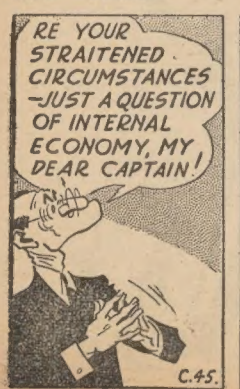
## RUGGLES



## GARITH



## JUST JAKE



## MATHEMATICS ARE AMUSING

MATHEMATICS is a serious science, but it has its lighter side, and mathematicians have amused themselves with some pretty problems, some of which have never been solved.

One of the most famous is known as Fermat's Last Theorem. Fermat was a famous mathematician who had a habit of jotting down interesting mathematical data he had noted, but failed to keep a record of how he proved them. Later mathematicians managed to get proofs for all his theorems except one.

If you multiply 3 by itself and add it to 4 multiplied by itself, you get a sum equal to 5 multiplied by itself. There are many sets of three numbers whose square work in this way—the sum of the squares of the first two equal the square of the third. Five, 12 and 13 is another example.

Fermat's theorem was that there are no sets of three numbers for which these relations hold good if they are raised to the third, fourth, fifth or higher power. In other words, the following equation can never be true where a, b and c are whole numbers and n is any number except 1 or 2:  $a^n + b^n = c^n$ .

It may be true—all other theorems of Fermat have proved to be. But no other mathematician has been able to prove it, and Fermat left no proof! A big prize was offered for the solution, and presumably, as it has never been claimed, still awaits the solver.

If that one is rather tough, try this problem, which amused mathematicians two centuries ago, although it can be solved without mathematics by common sense.

A man has a wolf, a goat and a cabbage, and he wishes to cross a river in a boat that will only hold one at a time. Obviously, if he leaves the wolf with the goat or the goat with the cabbage on either bank unattended there is going to be trouble. How does he get them across without losing either the goat or the cabbage?

The classic mathematical conundrum was, of course, that propounded many years B.C. by Zeno, the great Greek philosopher and sceptic.

Achilles gives a tortoise a start of 1,000 yards in a race. He could run ten times as fast as the tortoise, and laid heavy wagers he could catch it up, since the tortoise's known speed was a yard a minute. But he never did catch the tortoise.

For consider, after Achilles has run 1,000 yards the tortoise is one-tenth ahead—i.e., 100 yards. When Achilles has covered this 100 yards the tortoise has moved on one-tenth and is ten yards ahead.

Achilles runs ten yards and the tortoise is a yard ahead, and so it goes on—however far Achilles runs, the tortoise always has his nose just one-tenth the distance ahead.

This absurdity is not so easy to expose as it looks. Zeno propounded it to show the nonsense of relying upon logic instead of observing the facts, or perhaps to show the absurdity of the infinite divisibility of time and space.

Here is another mathematical paradox, although perhaps joke would be a more correct description—its error lies, as with the Achilles problem, in verbalisation.

An Indian of 35 marries a child of five, thus being seven times as old as his bride. Ten years pass and the man is 45 and his wife is 15. He is now only three times as old as his wife. Another fifteen years and the wife is 30 and he husband is 60—twice as old.

How long will it be before they are the same age?

Infinity has caused more trouble in mathematics—and philosophy—than anything. But it enables us to prove that, in spite of Aristotle's logic, the part may be equal to the whole.

Take an infinite series of numbers beginning 1, 2, 3, 4, 5... to infinity. Now extract the even numbers to make a series 2, 4, 6, 8... It is obvious that the whole series must contain more than the series of even numbers only.

But is it so obvious? Write the two series one under the other, thus:—

1, 2, 3, 4, 5...  
2, 4, 6, 8, 10... pairing them off.

For every new number you can think of in the top series there will be an appropriate one to go underneath—unless you can imagine twice infinity, which is absurd!

Therefore the "part"—the even series—is equal to the "whole," the series of all numbers. Amateur logicians tear their hair over this.

Could you fold a piece of paper across and across thirty times? It sounds easy. But this is geometrical progression, and if you remember the story of the blacksmith who obtained a king's ransom for shoeing a horse by asking for 1d. for the first nail, 1d. for the second, 1d. for the third, and so on, you will be wary.

Actually, assuming the paper is 1-250th of an inch thick, the foldings make a thickness of 2½ inches after ten times, 208 feet after the 20th folding, and at thirty folds the paper is so thick it would reach from the earth to the sun—more or less.

Did you solve the problem about the wolf, the goat and the cabbage which we left on the river bank?

The man first took over the goat, leaving the wolf with the cabbage, which was safe. Then he went back and fetched the wolf. As he landed the wolf he took aboard the goat again and took it back to his starting point. Putting it ashore, he picked up the cabbage, ferried it across, left it with the wolf, and then went back for the goat. It was the only way he could do it.



Good Morning

The Hanger-on



HOLD IT

" Maybe it IS a bit tiring, but you do it very well, my son, and I have every confidence in you being the first llama Guards mascot."

Sheila Ryan, 20th Century-Fox Star featuring in 'The Girls He Left Behind'



" Just fancy . . . after walking all over the meadow and eating that lovely grass, you come here for this . . . my word, I MUST have chosen a dainty morsel."



*This England*

The village pond and green at Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

